Contribute to the Chaos

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Contribute to the Chaos

by ThisIsMyBecoming

Summary

Will is a mildly troubled sophomore living with his dad and is doing okay in school. He has normal friends and a sweet girlfriend.Until Hannibal Lecter moves into their little town. The odd foreign boy catches Will’s attention with his mourner's eyes and steady demeanor. There’s something compelling about him, something that draws Will in, and he feels like he can’t escape. Hannibal leaves him questioning his sexuality, his place in life, his morals, and even his sanity.

Dead Eyes

Chapter Notes

> I just started school. So, this story will be set on the backburner while I work on school and try to finish Providing Light. I would like to get more of Providing Light done before I put a lot of work into a new project. I've had this idea for a while, and I'm excited to explore it. So, I will do my best to get Providing Light done. Then I will move along to start posting here.

Will always had thought his morning class was hell. As it usually was. He never was a morning person, it took a while to walk to school, and this teacher was hardly sympathetic. He was surprised he managed to get an okay grade in her course. He was always happy to get out of her classroom. He moseyed along down the grey and white corridor through the crowd and avoided touching people as best he could. He stopped by his locker. He was greeted by a short, plump blonde girl with a warm smile and bright eyes. Will managed a smile and gave her a quick peck on the lips.

“Hey, babe,” he said.

“Good morning,” she chirped, “How are you feeling?”

He shrugged, “Happy to see you.”

They were so entirely different yet fit so nicely together. A couple of people had not expected. Who thought someone so cheerful would like the sad bag of gangly limbs? Well known in their respective ways, they just ignored others and enjoyed each other's company. Even better, it kept his dad off his back on the subject, and his dad even liked Molly. A feat Will had not expected her to complete, but he found no reason to complain.

“You say that every morning." She teased and playfully hit his arm.

His smile widened, “It’s true,” he stole another kiss before moving some books into his locker. At the turn of his head, he caught someone in the corner of his eye. He set the book down and glanced over. A boy down the hall. Probably an upper-classman. He was tall, lean like a young adult, rather than a lanky figure like Will and a lot of the other teen boys. He had sort of mousey brown hair, somewhere between dishwater blonde and brown. His eyes sent shivers across his skin. They were dead, empty, piercing eyes. He could not see the color from this distance, and he was gone quickly. Will stared for a moment.

“Hey, Earth to Will,” his girlfriend snapped her fingers. “Are you in there, Will? Where did you go?”

He blinked and looked over to her again. “Sorry, Molly,” he shook his head to clear the rest of the chills. “Just thought I saw something.”

“It looked like your mind took a trip out of orbit,” she laughed, “It’s alright. I need to go to class.”

“I’ll see you at lunch,” he briefly kissed her again. She went on her merry way, and Will spent several more moments trying to figure out who was staring at him. Sure, he accidentally caught eyes with people in the halls before. But he never felt something so strongly just by meeting someone's gaze.

They had looked so vacant and so directly focused on him.

The bell had to snap him out of his second trance, and he slammed his locker shut before rushing to his next class.

Will had pretty much moved past the boy with dead eyes by the time he got to lunch. He and Molly always sat together, along with Molly’s good friend Alana. Will thought she was nice, pretty, but she just always seemed off with him. He was kept firmly at arm's length for whatever reason she had to distrust him. He never bothered to ask.

“You get to sign up for college later this year, right?” Molly asked her. Alana smiled and nodded.

“Yes, and I already have some scholarship offers too.”

“That’s great, Alana!” Molly squealed excitedly. Will pushed his food around. He wasn’t feeling into it or their conversation. He didn’t want to think about the future. It was something his father brought up far too often. When Will wasn’t always sure if he’d make it to that future.

The girls spoke too fast, and with all the extra noise of the cafeteria, it was too much to even try talking. So best to try to distract himself. His eyes wandered around the room. He observed people often, and sometimes he would catch something funny. His fellow high schoolers acted ridiculous enough. He would notice people making faces, throwing bits of food at friends, stealing food, and anything else. Then his eyes locked with a familiar set of orbs.

That upper-classman was across the room. He stared at Will unwaveringly. Will wasn’t sure if he would be sick or if he should be frustrated. He tore his eyes away but could feel his stare burning into the side of his head. He did his best to ignore him. Alana must have caught his head whipping back to them. She glanced over where he had been looking.

“Did something spook you?” She asked.

“No, it’s fine,” he shrugged. His eyes shifted back, but the upperclassman wasn’t staring anymore. He let out a soft breath. Alana returned to her discussion with Alana. Will would not look back at him again, but it still felt like he was staring.

Will could not help but look around as he walked out of school. Almost as if he was looking over his shoulder for someone. He tried to shake the feeling out and kept walking. It was about a thirty-minute walk to the animal shelter. The receptionist greeted him, Bailey, who always wore a tired smile. She was a short middle-aged lady who showed the stress of her recent second divorce with graying hair and fine lines deepening on her face. She was always sweet to Will. Arguably, the kindest member of staff.

"Hello, Will, Darlin. How did the day treat you?" Her words were warm. Her accent was even thicker than Will's drawl. He shrugged and tucked his backpack behind the desk with her.

"It wasn't any worse than usual. I can't complain."

"I think it'll make you feel better to know the older girl, Lucy, finally got adopted. They'll be taking her home tomorrow."

He smiled, "That's good. She deserves a good home to spend the rest of her life in."

"I think you should spend your time with her before she goes. They'll be coming to get her in the mornin'."

"I'll take her on a walk." He nodded and went into the back room, where they had the rows of kennels. A cacophony of barks made his ears ring. Will tolerated the sharp, uncomfortable, and rather overwhelming noise for them. They didn't know any better. They were just excited to see him. The shelter was not large, but they had enough animals that it helped to have volunteers like Will. Since his father wouldn't let him have a dog, this was the best he could do.

Lucy's kennel was at the end of the shelter. She was a big black and white lab-pit bull mix with a greyed muzzle and foggy eyes. Her ears perked up at the sight of Will, and she pulled herself up from her bed. Her tail wagged as best it could. He grinned and knelt to greet her through the fencing. He remembered when someone brought her into the shelter. She was found wandering around town and brought in by a concerned citizen. Will had cleaned her up and did everything he can to help her out. He sacrificed his whole weekend and every moment he could spare in the week to come to see her. He begged his father to keep her.

I don't have the time to take care of an old bag of fur you will lose interest in after a week. She's only got a few years left in her anyways, why would you want that over a pup?

That's how his father was whenever Will asked for anything. So Will just spent what time with her he could there and hoped he would find a good person for her to go home with. That day was finally there.

He opened the kennel gate and slipped a collar and leash on her. She shuffled alongside him. A doggy smile ear to ear and tongue hanging to the side. He took her out to the little fenced-in yard they had.

"I think a few laps will do you good, what do you think?" He asked her. He watched her while they walked. He couldn't help but feel some mild resentment he wasn't the one who could take her home.

"They better be good to you. I'd be good to you. One day I'll take care of others like you and take you home. I'm sorry that I can't take you now." He half spoke to her, half to himself. He had plans to stick it to his dad, to move away, to be whatever the hell he wanted, to just live as is. An ideal life, far from that town, his father, and with as many dogs as he wanted. Lucy may not be able to respond. Will was sure she was listening and agreeing anyways.

"Hey, Will," another female voice spoke up from across the yard as he looped back towards the building. He looked up to see the vet assistant, Tina, who didn't look old enough to be working there. She was short, blonde, and wore dark makeup that drew attention to her blue eyes. She was another one of the nice ones there. She came out of the building with another dog on a leash. A very very excited mutt puppy barked right away at him and Lucy.

"You heard about Lucy's adoption, didn't you?" She asked. Will stopped walking to keep from the dogs getting too close. Lucy politely sat next to him and panted away. He nodded with a bit of a grimace.

"Bailey told me when I came in."

"I met the family. It's a single mother with two young sons. They picked Lucy out and she seemed to click with them."

There was jealousy that sparked in him. He looked down at Lucy. She looked up at him. A secret agreement that it was for the best even if they would prefer to stick together.

“I know you two have a thing. You could visit her I’m sure.”

He shrugged, “It’s fine. I just want her to live in a good home.”

He walked her for a while. Even after Tina walked the dog and took him back in. He sat with Lucy at one of the benches they had in the yard. She flopped herself down next to his feet. He leaned over to scratch behind one of her ears.

“I’d run away with you if I could. That wouldn’t be fair to your old bones.” He mumbled. Her soft brown eyes watched him with utter adoration. As if to say she’d try even if her body was ready to give out. Will did feel far more connected to these dogs than anyone in his life. Their unwavering love and loyalty didn’t come with conditions.

Ocean Eyes

Chapter Notes

Wow, finally posting on this one.
Updates will still be much slower on this than Providing Light but I'm getting into it.
I hope you enjoy the start of this weird, awkward romance.

Will watched while he walked down the hall. He sought out the dead eyes. He expected them around every corner and behind every door, but he hadn't seen them all morning. By lunch the anxiety had subsided some, but he still did scan over the cafeteria before he sat down next to Molly. She smiled when he sat, and she gave him a quick kiss.

"You look anxious again, baby, what's up?" she grabbed his hand. He set his backpack on the ground between his legs. He stopped looking everywhere for the creepy upperclassman.

"I'm not. I'm just really tired today is all."

"You said the same yesterday when you got weird on me in the hallway. Is something freaking you out?" She frowned. He drew his lips into a tight line. He wondered just how ridiculous he was being. It's not like this guy walked up and said something strange to him. The guy harassed him. He just looked a bit weird.

"Well, yesterday, when we were in the hall," he explained. She nodded and listened closely. Her thumb gently rubbing the back of his hand. "I saw some… guy, I think someone who's older. He looked older. Definitely a senior. I saw him while we were talking, and he was staring at me."

"Just staring at you?"

"Yeah, staring at me."

“He could have just spaced out. You space out all the time, babe.”

“No, it wasn’t like that. I was intense like he was staring right into me. There was something so weird about his eyes…” his brow furrowed, he tried to collect exactly what he wanted to say, “They were so empty. Just dead.”

“Dead?”

“I don’t know what else to call it. But they were flat. There was nothing there.”

“That’s… weird.”

“And he just stared at me, down the hall, I’ve never seen him before.”

“You’re sure he was staring at you?”

“Well, it sure as hell felt like it. It freaked me out.”

“Hey, you two, I want you to meet my new friend. He just moved here in the last month.” Alana sat down with a boy. Will felt the color drain from his face. The boy has angular features, mousey brown hair, and flat, dead eyes.

“Hey,” Molly smiled, “Nice to meet you.”

Will stared at him. His eyes were deep almost maroon coloring, he couldn’t quite tell if the really were so red or just a very red brown. Still, they held that same flat quality that bore into him so intently the day before. He didn’t even seem bothered by Will’s stare. He smiled, his lips curled into a warm and friendly smile.

Will snapped out of it when Molly jabbed him in the ribs with her elbow.

“Sorry,” he mumbled. Molly smiled sheepishly.

“This is Will, my boyfriend. Will, this is Hannibal.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Will,” Hannibal spoke. He had a thick accent that Will couldn’t place. Almost Russian, not really, eastern European though. Like he heard in some bad films his father watched from time to time. The accent stereotyped as a villain's accent.

“Yeah, nice to meet you.” Will responded quietly. Molly squeezed his hand. She wasn’t sure what was up with him but didn’t want to interrogate him in front of their lunch guest.

“So, you moved here a month ago?” Molly asked, “Where from? Your accent is so different.”

Hannibal only smiled more. Will watched Alana and Molly, who were both looking at Hannibal, somehow so unaware of Hannibal’s mask. There was something so off about him and they didn’t even see it. *Can’t they see his eyes? Can’t they see there’s nothing there?*

“My family is from Lithuania. We moved to the United States when I was very young.”

“Wow. Where is that?”

“Lithuania is a small country that borders Latvia, Belarus, Russia, and Poland. A very small country. A Baltic state.”

“That’s so cool. I don’t really know all that much about… well, Europe and especially not on that side of Europe.”

Hannibal only smiled, “I’ll tell you whatever you’d like to know.”

Will had to tear his eyes away and stared at the table. His skin crawled and his mind whirled. He couldn’t believe the girls were comfortable and even happy to talk with him. Was he just imagining things? Misunderstanding him and seeing things? It made his head hurt and he didn’t want to sit in the noisy cafeteria anymore.

Will barely got through the rest of his day. He was rattled by his lunch encounter with Hannibal. But part of him did feel a little more at ease he knew his name, he knew what he looked like, and despite Will’s discomfort, he wasn’t rude or abrasive with the girls. So, maybe it was all in his head.

While he walked along the sidewalk, he couldn’t get those eyes from his head. A deep red that was such an odd but also pretty color. He knew he was over thinking it and he knew it’d drive him mad. He didn’t even notice the car pulling up next to him at first.

“Will?” The same smooth foreign voice from before startled him. Will whipped around to see Hannibal. He was driving a car, some older model, black, very clean and shiny, he was leaning out the window a bit. He smiled at Will. Will cleared his throat and stood up straighter.

“Hey,” Will wasn’t sure what else to say.

“Are you walking home?”

“Yea, I don’t live too far from the school. The bus is too loud and too crowded. It also smells like ass.”

“Would you like a ride?”

“Oh, no, it’s fine… really, it’s not that far.”

“Get in, let me drive you home.”

Everything in Will screamed to book it. Anywhere. Anywhere away from him. Something wasn’t right and his entire body fought to tell him. Something else compelled him into the car. Before he could think too hard about it, he was in the passenger seat, and buckled himself in. He told Hannibal his address as they pulled away from the sidewalk.

The silence was uncomfortable and only the soft ambience of the radio broke it up a bit. Will shifted in his seat and watched out the windshield. Hannibal hummed for a moment while he drove. His fingers tapped along the steering wheel. He drove smooth and steady, a bit slower than Will was used to.

“I apologize for staring.”

“What?” Will turned to him.

“Yesterday. I know you saw me. At least twice. In the halls and in the cafeteria.”

“At least?”

Hannibal shrugged, “I saw you a few more times yesterday.”

Will shuddered and his hands were sweaty in their clenched fists. His whole body was rigid against the seat. He glanced at the street sign to check where they were. He half expected him to be heading out of town to go murder him or something. Clearly, he was weird, and Will was right. Will was stupid to get in the car despite every instinct telling him to get the hell out of there. He just had to get in the car.

“I apologize. It is… odd, but you remind me of someone.” Hannibal explained softly. It was an explanation Will hadn’t expected.

“So, you decided to stare at me because I look like someone you know?”

“My deceased sister. She was very young when she died. Just a little girl. A few years ago. She had dark curly hair and blue eyes.”

Will shut his mouth. He had been ready to make a jab at him. Call him a freak for staring him down like a murderer because he just kind of resembled someone. He felt the guilt press a bit on him. Maybe he shouldn’t feel that, but he knew how much a lost loved one hurt.

“I’m sorry.”

“It isn’t your fault. You only saw me staring and you had every right to be uncomfortable. You didn’t even know who I was.”

“What was her name?”

Hannibal drove quietly for a few more moments. He watched the road and his eyes flicked between his rearview mirrors. The silence drew out and Will almost apologized again.

“Mischa.”

“I’m sorry she died.”

“Do you have any siblings, Will?”

“No. I’m an only child.”

Hannibal stopped speaking again. Will sank back against the seat, deflating into the leather. He looked out at the street they were on. They were just pulling up to Will’s home. No car in the driveway. Hannibal parked along the sidewalk. He looked at Will. He smiled bright once again, unwavering and seemingly unbothered by the subject at hand.

“Thank you,” Will said quickly. He undid his seatbelt and grabbed his backpack.

“I apologize, again. I’d like to be friends if I haven’t made you too uncomfortable.”

“No, you’re… fine. It was weird but, I get it. Grief is kind of weird and I know you didn’t mean any harm.” Will shrugged.

“Well, Alana invited me to sit with your table at lunch again. I wanted to make sure it wasn’t too uncomfortable with you before I made the decision. You didn’t tell them… did you? They didn’t see me.”

“I thought it was weird and I kind of told Molly… but…”

“You didn’t want to confront me?”

“No, not really.”

“Well, I hope this can be our fresh start. I promise you won’t catch me staring again.”

Will laughed, “Cool. I appreciate that.” He went ahead and climbed out of the car. He walked around to the sidewalk. Hannibal rolled down his window again to lean out.

“Thank you for driving me home,” Will said.

“You’re welcome. I can drive you whenever you’d like. You don’t have to walk every day if you don’t want to.”

“That’d be nice. I would like that.” Will managed a smile that felt very awkward on his lips. It only made Hannibal smile more.

“Lovely. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, see ya tomorrow, Hannibal.”

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